

Incomplete Songbook

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(Photocopied songbook, 8-page table of contents and numbered pages.)

Branch of Service: Air Force

Unit: 497th Tactical Fighter Squadron

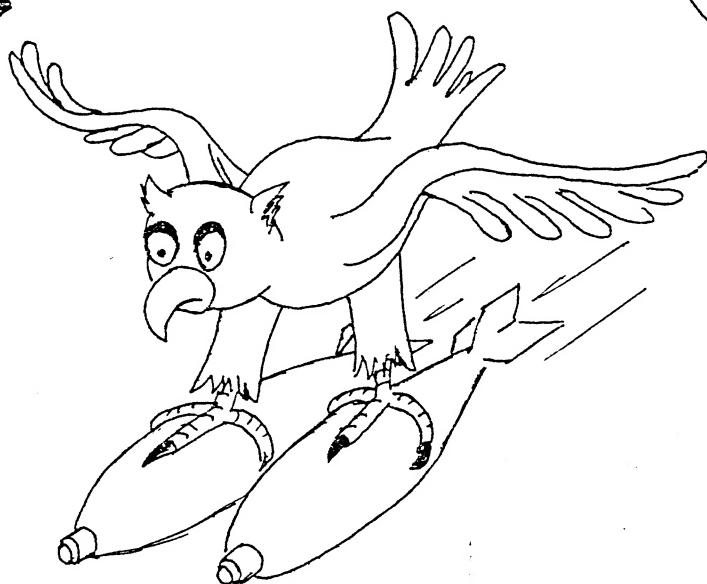
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RICHARD M. DESINE
497TH, 10-1-67

497th ACTIVES



NIGHT OWL'S
SONG BOOK

11 -

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AIR FORCE SONG

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder
Climbing high, into the sun
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder
At 'em boys, give her the gun.
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,
Off with one hell of a roar,
We live in fame, or go down in flame,
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force!

Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
the vastness of the sky.
To a friend we send a message of
His brother men who fly,
We drink to those who gave their all of old
As down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.
Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
the U.S. Air Force!

AIR CORPS LAMENT

(Tune Battle Hymn of the Republic)

My eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly,
But now these hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by,
The Air Force has gone to HELL!

CHORUS: Glory Flying Regulations have them read at every station
Crucify the man who breaks them
The Air Force has gone to HELL!

My bones have felt their pounding thump a hundred thousand strong,
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong,
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song.
The Air Force has gone to HELL!

I have seen them in their T-Bolts when their eyes were dancing flame,
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name,
But now they fly like sissies and hang their heads in shame,
Their spirit's shot to HELL!

They flew their rugged Thunderjets through a living hell of flack,
And bloody dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back,
But now they all play Ping Pong in the Operations shack
Their technique's gone to HELL!

Yes, the lordly Boeing Fortress and the Liberators, too,
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew,
And we Can't fly them for HELL!

You heard your pounding 50s blaze from wings of polished steel,
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel,
But now the L-5 charms you with a moanin' groanin' squeal,
And it will not climb for HELL!

HAP ARNOLD built a fighting team that sang the fighting song,
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong.
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong,
The Air Force has gone to HELL!

We were cocky, bold and happy when we played the angel's game,
We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled our way to fame.
But now that's all VERBOTEN and we're all so gosh-darn tame,
Our spirit's shot to HELL!

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap,
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap,
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that,
Or you will burn in HELL!

Air Corps Lament (cont)

Have you ever climbed a Lightning up to where the air is thin?
Have you stuck her long nose down just to hear the screaming din?
Have you tried to do it lately?
Better not -- You'll auger in.
And then you'll sure catch HELL!

My eyes get dim with tears when I recall the days of old
When pilots took their choice of being old or "young and bold"
Alas, I have no choice and I will live to be quite old,
The Air Force has gone to HELL!

But smile awhile my pilot, though your eyes may still be wet,
Someday we'll meet in heaven where the rules have not been set,
And God will show us how to buzz and roll and really let
The Air Force FLY LIKE HELL!

FINAL CHORUS

Glory -- no more regulations,
Rip them down at every station,
Ground the guy that tries to make one
And let us fly like HELL!

AIR FORCE "801"

(Tune: Wabash Cannon Ball)

Listen to the rumble, Oh hear old Merlin roar
I'm flying over Moji, like I never flew before
Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream
And hear old Merlin roar
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer, and hope it gets me home.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the downwind leg
My prop has over-run
My coolant's overheated, the gauge says one-two-one
You'd better call the crash crew, and get them on the run.

Air Force 801, this is Itazuke tower
I cannot call the crash crew, 'cause this is coffee hour!
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see.
So take it on around again, we have some VIP!

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the downwind leg, I see your biscuit gun.
My engine's running rough, and the coolant's gonna blow
I'm gonna buy a Mustang, so look out down below!

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the final, and runnin' on one lung
I'm gonna land this Mustang, no matter what you say
I gotta get my charts fixed up before that judgment day!

Air Force 801, this is judgment day
You're in Pilot's Heaven, and you are here to stay!
You just bought a Mustang, and you bought it well
The famous Air Force 801 was sent straight to Hell!

BOSOM BUDDIES

A fighter pilot lay dying
The medics had left him for dead
Around him women were crying
And these are the words that he said.

Why did I join the Air Force?
Mother, dear Mother knew best
Here I lay under the wreckage
An F-4 all over my chest.

Take the dive brakes out of my kidneys,
Take the buckets out of my brain,
Take the throttle out of my shinbone,
And assemble that Phantom again.

CHORUS

We are the boys who fly high in the sky,
Bosom buddies while boozin'
We are the lads that they send out to die;
Bosom buddies while boozin'

There in the hangar they sing and they shout,
They talk about things they know nothing about.
We are the boys who fly high in the sky,
Bosom buddies while boozin'

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS

Once I was a chamber maid
Down in Drury Lane
My mistress she was kind to me
My master was the same
"Till along came a sailor
Happy as could be
He was the cause of all my misery.

CHORUS:

Bell Bottom trousers
Coats of Navy blue
He'll climb the riggin'
Like his daddy used to do.

He asked me for a Kerchief
To tie about his head
He asked me for a candle
To light his way to bed
And I a silly maiden
Thinking it no harm
Jumped right in the sailor's bed
To keep the sailor warm.

CHORUS:

Early in the morning
About the break of day
A five pound note he gave to me
And this to me did say
You may have a daughter or
You may have a son
Take this note my dear
For the damage I have done.

CHORUS:

If you have a daughter
Bounce her on your knee
And if you have a son
Send the bastard out to sea.
Singing: CHORUS

Now the moral of this story
As you can plainly see is
Never trust a sailor
An inch above the knee.

COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Come in and join the Air Force, it's a grand place so they say,
You never have to work at all, just fly around all day.
While other work and study hard, and soon grow old and bling,
We'll take the air without a care, and you'll never mind.

CHORUS Oh, never mind, no, never mind,
O, come on and join the Air Force,
And you'll never mind.

Come on and get promoted as big as you desire,
You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Air Force Flier,
But Just when you're about to be a general you'll find
The engine coughs, the wings fall off, and you'll never mind.

Your're flying over the ocean, you hear your engine spit,
You see your prop come to a stop, the G-D engine's quit.
The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind.
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you'll never mind.

• • • • • • • • • • CHORUS

Oh, when you loop and spin her, and with an awful tear,
You'll see your stubby wings fall off, but you will never care.
For in about two minutes, Mac, another pair you'll find.
You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweat, and you'll never mind.

• • • • • • • • • • CHORUS

Oh, then you meet a Fokker, he shoots you down in flames,
Don't waste your time belly achin' and callin' the begger names.
Just push your stick into the ground, and pretty soon you'll find
There ain't no hell and all is well, and you'll never mind.

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and we don't give a D.
About the groundlings' point of view and all that sort of ham.
We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind,
And now we've got our own Air Force, so we'll never mind.

• • • • • • • • • CHORUS

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE

Here's to the regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call up the _____ reservists
Whenever the _____ hits the fan!

They call up every old pilot
They call up every young man
The reservists they go to Viet Nam
The regulars stay in Thailand

Here's to the regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the _____ reservist
Their _____ would be dragging the floor!

CHORUS: Fight on: Fight on:
Fight on regular Air Force
Fight on: Fight on:

TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES

Bless them all, bless them all,
Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet,
But I know a guy who is cussing him yet
"Cause he tried to go over the wall
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all.
The needles did cross, and the wings did come off
With Tiptanks and tailpipes and all!

Through the wall, through the wall
Through the bloody invisible wall,
That transonic journey is nothing but rough
As bad as a ride on the local base bus.
So I'm staying away from it all
Subsonic for me and that's all
If you're hot you might make it,
But you'll prob'ly break it
Your butt or your neck, not the wall!

IF YOU FLY

CHORUS Did you go BOOM today?
Did you go BOOM today?
Two more blew up yesterday
G.E. ain't here to stay!

If you fly an Eighty-nine
You must be deaf, dumb and bling
For your life ain't worth a dime,
What's your scheduled blow-up time?

If you fly a ninety-four
You will never holler more,
For your lot we do not pine
It's better than an Eighty-nine!

• • • • • CHORUS

If you fly an Eighty-Six
You will really get your kicks
Bouncing those sub-sonic boys
Playing with their radar toys!

• • • • • CHORUS

If you fly a 101
Tell yourself its really fun
One day it will pitch up with you
And you will wish you never flew.

• ; • • • CHORUS

If you fly a 102
Don't go up unless its blue
For if you feel one drop of rain
You'll be pieces not a plane.

• • • • • CHORUS

If you fly a 104
The whole world flocks to your door
Range is short, the wings don't last
But golly it sure does fly fast

• • • • • CHORUS

If you fly a Thunderchief
You will soon shake like a leaf
Flying it may make you sick
It handles like a great big brick

• • • • • CHORUS

If you fly a Phantom Two
You're flying days will soon
be thru
It flies twice the speed of
sound
If you ever get off the ground

I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings till I get the G.D. things
Now I don't want them anymore.
They taught me how to fly,
And they sent me here to die,
I've had a bellyful of war,
You can save those G.D. zeros for the G.D. heroes,
Cause Distinguished flying crosses
Do not compensate for losses, Buster

CHORUS: I wanted wings till I god the G.D. things
Now I don't want them anymore.

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames,
Air combat spelled romance, But it made me wet my pants,
I'm not a fighter I have learned.
You can save those Messerschmitzes
For the other sons of B S.
Cause I'd rather a woman than be shot down in a Grumman.

I'm too young to die in a damed old PBY
That's for the eager not for me
I don't trust my luck to be picked up in a duck
After I've crashed into the sea
Oh I'd rather be a bellhop than a flyer on a flat top
With my hand around a bottle, not around a G.D. throttle
Buster, I wanted wings, etc ...

I don't want to tour over Berlin or the Ruhr
Flack always makes me loose my lunch
I get no hey-hey when they holler bombs away,
I'd rather be home with the bunch
Now theres one thing you can't laugh off that is
When they shooey your off.
Oh, I'd rather come home Buster, with my than with a cluster,
Buster I wanted wings, etc ...

I don't fly for fun in a P-dash Five crash one
Blazing a patch for Patton's tanks.
My wife don't want insurance and I'm not cut for endurance,
I'd rather go to Paris and spend Francks
In England it was blitzes and in France it is Messerschmitzes,
Oh, I feel like such a sucker when my starts to pucker sucker
I wanted wings, etc ...

They fed us lousy chow but we stay alive somehow.
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew,
What will they think of next, they'll be dehydrating sex,
Oh that day I'll tell the coach I'm through
Oh, I really love my bumpin and I like to do my pumpin,
But I'd rather C with chowder than to C with hunks of
powder
Wanted wings, etc ...

JOLLY, JOLLY ENGLAND

Oh, I don't want to be a soldier,
I don't want to go to war.
I just want to hand around Piccadilly on the ground,
Livin' off the earnings of me high born lady.
Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee.
Wednesday success; I lifted up her dress,
Thursday her chemisey I did see.
Friday, Friday I put my hand upon it,
Saturday she gave me B---- a tweak, tweak, tweak.
It was Sunday after supper I shoved the old boy up'er.
And now she earns me seven and six a week, Gor' blimey!
I don't want to be a soldier,
I don't want to go to war,
I just want to hang around Piccadilly on the ground,
Livin' off the earnings of me high born lady.
I don't want a bullet up me ---- ----,
I don't want me bollocks shot away.
I just want to stay in England, in jolly, jolly England,
And - - - - - me - - - - - life away.

GUINEA WATERFALL

Beside a Guinea Waterfall, one bright and sunny day,
Beside his shattered Mustang a young pursuiter lay,
His parachute hung from a nearby tree; he was not yet quite dead.
So, listen to the very last words that young pursuiter said.
"I'm going to a better land where everything is bright,
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles and there's poker
every night.

There's not a single thing to do but sit around and sing,
Where all our crew chiefs are womennnnnnnnn.
Oh, death where is thy sting,
Oh, death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling, ting-aling.
Oh, death where is thy sting,
The bells of hell will ring; ting-a-ling
For you, but not for me.

O'RILEY'S BAR

'Twas a cold winter evening, the guests were all leaving,
O'Riley was closing the bar;
When he turned and he said to the lady in red:
"Get out, you can't stay where you are."

Now she shed a big tear in the bucket of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahead;
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the phone booth
And these are the words that he said:

"Her mother never told her
The things a young girl should know,
About the ways of Air Force men
And how they come and go
Life has taken her beauty,
And sin has left its sad scar.
So remember your mothers and sisters, boys,
And let her sleep under the bar.

JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38 with props that counter rotate,
They'll loop roll and spin, but they'll soon auger in,
Don't give me a P-38!

CHORUS; Just give me Operations
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to go home.

Don't give me a P-39 with an engine that's mounted behind
It will tumble and roll and dig a deep hole,
Don't give me a P-39!

Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk, about it the pilots all squawk
It flew like a sparrow but its gear was too narrow,
Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk!

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt
It looks like a jug and it flies like a tug
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt!

Don't give me an F-Shooting Star, it'll go but not very far
It'll rumble and spout but soon will flame out,
Don't give me an F-Shooting Star!

Don't give me an 86-D
With rockets, radar and TV
She's fast I don't care,
She blows up in Mid Air
Don't give me an 86-D!

Don't give me an F-84, that dirty ground loving whore,
I'd love to abort, but the runways too short,
Don't give me an F-84!

Don't give me an F-86 with wings like broken match sticks
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as for top cover
Don't give me an F-86!

Don't give me an 104 it's never established a score,
It may fly in weather but won't hold together,
Don't give me a 104!

Just give me an old Phantom Two, to fly through the heavens of blue
At mach two I can roam and I always get home
Just give me an old Phantom Two.

BIG EYE

(Tune: You are my Sunshine)

You are my Big Eye, my only Big Eye,
You guide my fighters
When skies are grey
I chase your bogies from here to Hanoi
Just to find they have gone the other way.

The other day boys, as I was flying,
I heard Big Eye Controller say:
"I've got a bogie down by Hanoi
Won't you head your jet that-a-way?"

He said he had me in radar contact
And I believed him like a dope,
I flew to Hanoi - and still no bogie
He had chased a fly across the scope!

You were my Big Eye, my only Big Eye,
How could you let me down thus way?
My chute was swingin' - they heard me singin'
Won't you take that Big Eye away?

MIG 21

(Tune: I T'ought I Taw a Putty Cat)

I T'ought I taw a Mig 21
A'tweeping up on me
I did, I did, I taw him
As big as he could be!

RED NOSE MIGS

(Tune: Shrimp Boats)

Oh, the Red Nose Migs are comin'
Not a Phantom in sight
Oh, the Red Nose Migs are comin'
And they want to fight.
Let's hurry, hurry home
Ch, won't you hurry, hurry home?
Ch, the Red Nose Migs are comin'
Not a Phantom in sight!

TAC HEADQUARTERS

(Tune: Pepsi-Cola)

PACAF Headquarters is the spot
Twenty-eight colonels, that's a lot
Lots of brass with nothing to do
PACAF Headquarters is the place for you!
Chicken, chicken, chicken, chicken

FLAK SHOWERS

(Tune: April Showers)

Although flak showers may come your way
They'll bring the panic, that makes you say
"My fuel is BINGO, I'm going home
So if you want to stay and fight, you may
Stay and fight alone!
I've added throttle, I'm on my way
I'll live to come back some other day.
So keep on strafing that position
And knock it out for me
I'm just a close supporter, can't you see!

RECORDED BY: [unclear]
RECORDED ON: [unclear]

... 15

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT

(Tune: My Eyes Have Seen the Glory)

By the ring around his eyeball,
You can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread around his rear
You can tell a navigator by his sextants, maps and such
You can tell a fighter jockey, but you cannot tell him much!

NAPALM

(Tune: The Good Ship Titanic)

It was up by Hanoi wher the Red meets the sea
I was out on a recce to see what I could see,
When I spied a farmer man with his pitchfork in his hand,
It was sad when my napalm went down.

CHORUS It was sad, oh, it was sad,
It was sad when my napalm went down (hit the farmer)
There were husbands and wives
(Itty bitty children lost their lives)
It was sad when my napalm went down!

It was up by Dong Hoi where I won my DFG
I was out on a recce to see what I could see,
When I spied a church below and I let my rockets go
It was sad when thos rockets went down.

CHORUS It was sad, Oh, it was sad,
It was sad when those rockets went down (hit the steeple)
All the people ran like hell,
When those rockets hit the bell,
It was sad when those rockets went down.

It was up by Thi Nugen when I knew that I was through
The 37's and 57's had shot my turbine through.
It was when I hit the silk-oh, my God, I strained my milk!
It was sad when that pilot went down.

CHORUS It was sad, oh, it was sad,
It was sad when that pilot went down (hit the bottom)
There were husbands and wives
(Itty bitty children lost their lives)
It was sad when that pilot went down.

ONCE THEY WERE HAPPY

(Tune: Man on the Flying Trapeze)

Once they were happy, completely at ease,
They flew their F-80's like a swingin' trapeze
They looped 'em, they rolled 'em, the bounced DC-3's
But, alas, boys, their wings have been clipped!

One day they approached Itazuke
Jet leader called echelon right
Mustangs at nine O'clock level,
Let's see if 8th Fighter will fight!

The F80's broke left and the Mustangs broke right
I think they see us, says jet Four in fright
They're all pullin' streamers, says Jet Number three,
Let's go home, this is no place to be!

But the Mustangs had sighted the Bogies,
They pulled through the top of a loop,
The dove on the trembling F-80's
My God, they have scrambled the Groooooop!

The Jets headed home at a hundred percent,
In fact, Number Four had the throttle stop bend
Back to Misawa, to Misawa they went
Never to bounce any more!

ON TOP OF OLD THUD RIDGE

(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of old Thud Ridge
All covered with flak
I lost my poor wing man
He'll never get back.

For flying is a pleasure
And dying a grief,
And a quick-triggered Commie
Is worse than a thief.

For a thief will just rob you
And take all you save
But a quick--triggered Commie
Will send you to the grave.

The grave will decay you
And turn you to dust
Not a Commie in a thousand
Can an old F-4 can't trust.

Now when the bad weather
Keeps the ships down
All day we can hear this
This horrible sound:

"Attention all pilots
Now listen to this
There'll be a short meeting
That you dare not miss."

They'll give us some lectures
Then give us some more,
But we have all heard them
Twenty-five times or more.

Now listen you trainees
You can't fight the Group
Whatever they tell you
Is superfluous poop.

Now the moral of this story
Is easy to see
Don't go to Haiphong
Or old Quang Khe

PARTIES, BANQUETS AND BALLS

(Tuen: Take Me Out to the Ball Game)

Parties, banquets, and balls, boys
Parties, banquets and balls
As President Johnson has said before,
There's only one way to stay out of a war
That's with parties, banquets, and balls, boys
Parties, banquets and balls
We'll have parties and banquets,
And banquets and parties,
and balls, balls, balls, !

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Let's have a party, let's have some fun
Let's have a party, the 497th Fighter Squadron is
here tonight.
Break right, break left, streamers off the wing,
Snap dragons, sweet rolls, we do everything.
We are the joy boys from old UBCN
Hello, hello, hello, hello-0-0-0-0.

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S LIFE (Phantom II)

It was midnight in Ubon, all the pilots were in bed
When up stepped Colonel _____ And this is what he said;
I hate this God Dam place!
Phantoms, gentle pilots, Phantoms one and all
Phantoms, gentle pilots - and the pilots shouted B ___ S ___!
Then up stepped a young Lieutenant with a voice as harsh as brass
You can take these G ___ D ___ Phantoms Jack and shove 'em up your A ___.

CHORUS: Oh hallelujah, oh hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's Ass.
Oh, hallelujah, oh hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved.

Cruising down the Red River doing Four Eighty per
I called to my Flight Leader, "Oh won't you save me sir!
Get two big holes in my wing, my tanks ain't got no gas
Mayday - Mayday - Mayday - got six MiG's on my Ass!

I flew my traffic patter, to me it looked all right,
My air speed read 330, My God, I racked it tight
I turned onto the final, my engines gave a whooze
Mayday - Mayday - Colonel _____: Spin instructions please!

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing hit the ground
Came a call from tower: "Pull up and go around."
Racked that Phantom in the air a dozen feet or more
I'm on my back, it's worse than flak, why did I use full bore?

Split s onto my bomb run I got too G ___ D ___ low
I pressed the pickel button, let both my babies go
I sucked the stick back in my gut - I hit a high-speed stall
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall!

They sent me up to Hanoi, the brief said "Skoshe ack ack"
But by the time I got there my wings were holed by flak
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly
Mayday - Mayday - Colonel Halliwell: I am too young to die!

I bailed out from that Phantom, my landing was top line
With my E and E equipment I made for our front line
But when I opened up my ration tin to see what was in it
The G ___ D ___ Personal Equipment had filled the thing with S ___.

Now in the Hanoi Hilton I am obliged to sit
For one cannot go very far on a ration Tin of S ___.
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly
But I'll have Personal Equipment Bull Shit for breakfast till I die.

SINGING SO LONG

I've sung this song and I'll sing it again
Of the things that I've done and the places I've been
Some of the tings that bave bothered my mind,
And a lot of good wingmen that I've left behind,

CHORUS: Singing so long, it's been good to know you.
- So long, it's been good to know you,
Etc.....

This story begins when we gathered to brief.
We harked to the words of our dark headed chief.
He said, "Listen, men, and I'll give you the score
About what's the way with the F4C.
* * * * * .CHORUS

We turned on the runway and started to roll.
I gave her the throttle and poured on the coal
The Jato was heavy, my God, it was thick,
So I went on the gauges and yanked on the stick.
* * * * * .CHORUS

We flew up to Thud Ridge and dodged all the flak.
I called to my leader, "Oh, please take me back.
I'm tired of flying these big Iron Birds."
But instead of turning he uttered these words.
* * * * * .CHORUS

We then went to Hanoi and dive bombed the rails.
We broke to the right with the flak on our tails.
We rendezvoused high with the Migs in the sun,
And I thought to myself we should give her the gun.
* * * * * .CHORUS

When we circled to join up it was a great race.
The Migs would soon be there and give us a chase.
Number Four man's one thousands were still tightly hung.
If we didn't leave soon we would surely be done.
* * * * * .CHORUS

I called to my leader, "I'm way low on fuel.
If you turn around quick I can get back to old Ubon."
Just then he shouted, "There's Migs pulling lead,
So we'll break to the left and we'll get up some speed.
* * * * * .CHORUS

Well, I broke to the left and I felt a great jar.
A whistling golf ball had cut my main spar.
My canopy jammed and my engines flamed out,
And over the R T I started to shout.
* * * * * .CHORUS

Buddies, so long it's been good to know you.
So long, its been good to know you
So long, its been good to know you.
But there's not a whole lot that I've got to say,
For it looks like I auggered to-day.

THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell
The place is full of queers
Navigators, Bombardiers
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell!

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
They are off on foreign shores
Making mothers out of
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States!

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
The automatic pilot's on
Reading novels in the John
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged
And his women overaged
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare!

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in 7th
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in 7th
The place is full of brass
Sitting around on their fat Ass.
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in 7th!

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
They are all across the bay
Being shot at every day
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan!

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice
It'll wreck your reputation
But increase the population
It's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice!

When a bomber jockey walks into our club
When a bomber jockey walks into our club
He don't drink his share of suds
All he does is flub his dub
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell!

THROTTLE BENDER

(Tune: McNamara's Band)

My name is Throttle Bender,
I'm the leader of the gang;
I burn up lots of engines,
But I don't give a Dang,
To me full bore is normal cruise,
Cause I don't give a darn;
My boys can never catch me
They've got a lot to learn.

CHORUS We are the boys from old Ubon,
 We are the boys from old Ubon,
 We are the boys from old Ubon,
 We fly with the 8th Tac Ftr Wing.

My name is Throttle Bender
I'm the leader of the Group,
I always cause confusion
But I don't give a hoot.
I climb too slow, I dive too fast,
I pull excessive G's,
I know my boys are following,
I hear their knocking knees.
• • • • CHORUS

My name is Throttle Bender,
I'm the leader of the Wing.
I haven't led a group in years
So I don't know a thing
About the wing formation, boys,
That I am going to lead;
But I'm the Wing Commander
So there really is no need.
• • • • CHORUS

Now is you lead a flight, boys,
Or if you lead a Group;
Lend an ear and you will hear
The latest kind of poop.
From Hanoi to Hai Phong
You'll hear the boys all say,
The leader bent the throttle, so
I had it rough today.
• • • • CHORUS

WHO OWNS THIS CLUB

Oh, we're the boys from the 497th,
You've heard so much about
The mothers keep their daughters in
Whenever we go out.

We're always drinking whiskey
And we're always full of booze
Oh we're the boys from the 497th,
And who the hell are youse?

Who owns this club oo - wa - wa
Who owns this club oo - wa - wa
Who owns this club the people cry - eye - eye
We own this club oo - wa - wa
We own this club oo - wa - wa
497th Fighter Squadron we reply - eye - eye

Repeat

ZOOT-SUITS AND PARACHUTES

(Tune: Bell Bottom Trousers)

There once lived a Fraulein down near Fursty way,
She loved the jet boys, especially their pay.
Along came a "Buzz-boy" as happy as could be,
He was the cause of all her misery.

CHORUS Zoot-suits and parachutes
 Wings of silver too,
 He'll fly a fighter like his daddy used to do.

He ask her for a candle to light his way to bed,
He ask her for a pillow to rest his wear head.
She like a foolish maid, thinking it no harm,
Jumped right in beside him to keep the "Buzz boy" warm.

Early in the morning before the break of day
He handed her some Deutsche Marks and this he had to say:
"Take this my darling for damage I have done,
By me you'll have a daughter, or by me you'll have a son".

Now if you have a daughter bounce her way up high
And if you have a son send the rascal out to fly
The moral of this story as you can plainly see,
Is never trust a buzz-boy an inch above your knee.

WRECK OF OLD NINETY - SEVEN

There were 97 aircraft parked out on the apron
And there wasn't room for more
Now the first 96 were of modern construction
And the last was a BII-4.

The first 47 were reserved for the majors
And the captains had the next 49
There was one ship left on the end of the apron
It was the last ship in the line.

It was old "97" and her fuselage was rusty
And her wings were warped and bent
And she sagged in the middle like a cow in the pasture
Like a cow that was quite content.

Then a 2d Lt wandered into operations
And he asked for a ship or two
But they said, "Young man we are mighty short of aircraft,
But we'll see what we can do."

It was old "97" and she had a fine record
But she hadn't been flown that year
And she growled and she groaned when he warmed up her engine
'Cause she knew that her end was near.

So they flew over Birmingham and South Alabama
'Till the clouds began to fall
'Till they settled down on the tops of the mountains
And you couldn't see a thing at all.

So he turned to the left and he flew into a snowstorm
So he turned back to the right
'Till he found a railroad going in his direction and he said
"By God, we'll get there tonight."

Then he pointed her nose in a southerly direction
And he kept those tracks in sight
'Till they disappeared in the side of a mountain
And he ended his last long flight.

It was old "97" with her nose in the mountain
And her wheels upon the track
Now her throttles were bent in the forward direction
But her engine was pointed back.

All you Air Force ladies please take fair warning
No matter where you roan
Never say harsh words to your aviator boy friend
He may leave you and never come home.

HAVE I TOLD YOU LATELY THAT I LOVE YOU

Have I told you lately that I love you?
Could I tell you once again somehow?
Have I told you with all my heart and soul how I adore you?
Well, darling, I'm telling you now.

This heart would break in two if you'd refuse me.
I'm no good without you anyhow.
Dear, have I told you lately that I love you?
Well, darling, I'm telling you now.

Have I told you lately that I miss you?
When the stars are shining in the sky.
Have I told you why the nights are long when you're not with me?
Well, darling, I'm telling you now.

Have I told you lately when I'm sleeping
Every dream I dream is you somehow
Have I told you I'd like to share my love forever?
Well, darling, I'm telling you now.

COOL WATER

All day I've faced the barren waste,
Without the taste of water, cool, clear water, water,
Old Dan and I, out throats so dry,
It's those that cry for water, cool, clear water, water,

CHORUS Keep a-movin' Dan, don't you listen to him Dan,
He's a devil not a man,
And he spreads the burning sands with water, water,
Dan, can you see that big green tree,
Where the water's flowing free,
And It's waiting there for you and me, cool clear water, water,

The nights are cool and I'm a fool,
Each star's a pool of water, cool, clear water, water,
But with the dawn I'll wake and yawn,
And carry on to water, cool, clear water, water,
• • • • CHORUS

The shadows sway and seem to say,
Tonight we pray for water, cool, clear water, water,
And way up there he'll hear our prayer,
And show us where there's water, cool, clear water, water
• • • • CHORUS

IF YOU'VE GOT THE MONEY, I'VE GOT THE TIME

If you've got the money, I've got the time
We'll go honky-tonkin' and we'll have a time.

We'll make all the night spots
We'll do them up fine.
If you've got the money, honey
I've got the time.

There ain't no use to tarry,
So let's start out tonight,
We'll spread joy, oh boy, oh boy.
And We'll spread it right,
We'll have more fun baby,
If you've got the money, honey,
I've got the time.

If you've got the money,
I've got the time
We'll go honky-tonkin'
And We'll have a time.
Bring along your Cadillac
Leave my old wreck behind.
If you've got the money, honey,
I've got the time.

Yes, we'll go honky-tonkin'
Make every club in town.
We'll go to the park, where it's dark
We won't fool around.
But if you run short of money,
I'll run short of time.
'Cause you with no more money, honey
I've got no more time.

SAN ANTONIO ROSE

Deep within my heart lies a melody,
A song of old San Antone,
Where in dreams I live with a memory,
Beneath the stars all alone.

It was there I found beside the Alamo,
Enchantments strange as the blue up above.
A moonlit patch that only she would know
Still hears my broken song of love.

Moon in all your splendor, know only my heart,
Call back my rose, rose of San Antone.
Lips so sweet and tender, like petals fallen apart.
Speak once again of my love, my own.

Broken songs, empty words I know,
Still live in my heart all alone,
For that moonlit patch by the Alamo,
And rose, my rose of San Antone.

YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS

There's a yellow rose in Texas,
I'm going there to see,
No other fellow knows her,
Nobody only me.
Shee cried so when I left her,
~~It like to broke her heart,~~
And If we ever meet again,
We never more shall part.

CHORUS She's the sweetest rose of color
 A fellow ever knew,
 Her eyes are bright as diamonds,
 They sparkle like the dew.
 You may talk about your dearest maid
 And sing of Rosy Lee.
 But the yellow rose of Texas
 Beats the gals of Tennessee.

Oh, I'm going back to find her,
My heart is full of woe,
We'll sing the songs together,
We sang so long ago,
I'll pick the banjo gaily
And sing the songs of yore,
And the yellow rose of Texas
Shall be mine forever more.

RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they say you are going,
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile,
For they say you are taking the sunshine,
That has brightened my life for a while.

CHORUS Come and sit by my side, little darling,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the Red River Valley,
And the cowboy who loved you true.

Do you think of this valley you're leaving,
Of your parents so kind and so true,
Do you think of the kind hearts you are breaking,
And the cowboy who loves you so true.
• • • • CHORUS

THE COWBOY'S LAMENT

As I walked out on the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
I spied a cowpuncher all wrapped in white linen,
All wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.

O, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,
Play the dead march as you carry me along,
Take me to the valley, there lay the sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,
These words he did say as I slowly stepped by,
Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,
I'm shot in the breast and I know I must die.

It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
Once in the saddle I used to go gay,
Then I first took to drinking and the took to gambling,
Got shot in the breast and I'm dying today.

Let sixteen gamblers come carry my coffin,
Let six pretty maidens come sing me a song,
Take me to the graveyard, there roll the sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly,
And bitterly wept as we bore him along,
For we all loved our comrade so brave, young, and handsome,
We all loved our comrade altho' he'd done wrong.

TENNESSEE WALTZ

I was waltzing with my darling
To the Tennessee Waltz
When an old friend I happened to meet.
Introduced him to my loved one
And while they were waltzing
My friend stole my sweetheart from me.

I remember the night
And the Tennessee Waltz.
Now I know just how much I have lost.
Yes, I lost my little darling
The night they were playing
The beautiful Tennessee Waltz.

BLUE EYES

I am thinking tonight of my blue eyes
Who is sailing far over the sea,
O, I'm thinking to night of my blue eyes
And I wonder if she ever thinks of me.

You told me once dear that you'd love me,
And you said that we never would part,
But a link in that chain has been broken,
Leaving me with a sad and aching heart.

When that cold, cold grave has enclosed me,
Will you come dear and shed just one tear,
And say to the strangers about me,
A poor heart you have broken lies here.

HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh, give me a home, where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

CHORUS Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

How often at night when the heavens are bright,
With the light of the glittering stars,
Have I stood there amazed,
And asked as I gazed,
If their glory exceeds that of ours.
• • • • CHORUS

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile,
While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
Smile, boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying,
It never was worth while,
So pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
And Smile, Smile, Smile.

TIPPERARY

It's a long way to Tipperry,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know
Farewell to Piccadilly,
Good-bye Leicester Square;
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

OVER THERE

Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word over there,
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,
The drums rum-tumming everywhere.
So prepare, say a prayer,
Send the word, send the word, to beware.
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't be back 'til it's over,
Over there, over there.

TELL ME WHY

Tell me why the stars do shine,
Tell me why the i've twines,
Tell me why the skies are blue,
And I will tell you just whi I love you.

Because God made the stars to shine,
Because God made the i've twine,
Because God made the skies so blue,
Because God made you, that's why I love you.

SEEING NELLIE HOME

In the sky a bright star glittered,
On the bank a pale moon shone,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

CHORUS I was seeing Nellie home,
I was seeing Nellie home,
'Twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

On my arm a soft hand rested,
Rested light as ocean foam,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

• • • • CHORUS

A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN

A man without a woman is like a ship without a sail,
Just like a boat without a rudder, a kite without a tail.
A man without a woman is like a wreck cast on the sand.
But if there's one thing worse in the universe,
It's a woman, I said a woman, it's a woman without a man.

Now you can rolla silver dollar 'cross the barroom floor,
And it'll roll because it's round.
A woman never knows what a good man she's got
Until she turns him down.
Now, listen, my honey, won't you listen to me
I want you to understand
Just as a silver dollar goes from hand to hand,
A woman goes from man to man - in Korea
A woman goes from man to man.

PADDY MURPHY

The night that Paddy Murphy died
I never shall forget
The whole bloomed town got stinking drunk
And there's some not sober yet.

The only thing they did that night
That filled my heart with fear
They took the ice right off the corpse
And put it on the beer.

That's how they showed their respects for Paddy Murphy
That's how they showed him their sorrow and their pride
That's how they showed their respect for Paddy Murphy
Respect for Paddy Murphy on the night that Paddy died.

WABASH CANNON BALL

From the great Atlantic Ocean,
To the wide Pacific shore,
From the sweet O'er flowing mountains
To the south belle by the moor
She's mighty tall and handsome
She's know quite well by all
For she's the combination
Of the Wabash Cannon Ball.

CHORUS Listen to the jingle,
The rumble and the roar,
As she glides along the woodlands,
Thru the hills and by the shore;
Hear the mighty rush of the engine,
Hear those lonesome hobos squall
While travelin' thru the jungle
On the Wabash Cannon Ball.

Our eastern states are dandy
So the people always say
From New York to St. Louis
And Chicago by the way;
From the hills of Minnesota
Where the rippling waters fall
No changes can be taken
on the Wabash Cannon Ball.

• • • • • CHORUS

She came down to Birmingham
One cold December day,
As she pulled into the station
You could hear all the people say
There's a gal from Tennessee;
She's long and she's tall
She came down to Birmingham
On the Wabash Cannon Ball.

• • • • • CHORUS

Now here's to Daddy Claxton
May his name forever stand,
And always be remembered
In the courts throughout the land.
His earthly race is over,
And the curtains around him fall.
We'll carry him home to Dixie
On the Wabash Cannon Ball.

• • • • • CHORUS

FOR HER LOVER WHO WAS FAR, FAR AWAY

Round her leg she wore a yellow garter
She wore it in December and thru the marry month of May
But when they asked her why the hell she wore it
She wore it for her Airman who was far, far away.

CHORUS Far away, far away, oh, she wore it for
 her lover who was far, far away
 Far away, far away, oh, she wore it for
 her lover who was far, far away.

Behind the door, her father placed a shotgun,
It stood there in December and thru the marry month of May
But when they asked her why the hell it stood there,
She said it was for that Airman who was far, far away.

CHORUS

Down the block she pushed a baby carriage
She pushed from December thru the marry month of May
When I asked her why in the hell she pushed it
She pushed it for that Airman who was far, far away.

CHORUS

JUST BECAUSE

Oh, just because you think you're so pretty,
Oh, just because you think you're so hot,
Just because you think you've go something
What nobody else has got.
Well just because you spend all my money
and, Honey, you call me "Old Santa Claus"
Baby, I'm telling you Honey, I'm through with you
Because, Just because.

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY

Give my regards to Broadway,
Remember me to Herald Square.
Tell all the boys on forty-second street
That I will soon be there.
Whisper of how I'm yearning
To mingle with the old-time throng
Give my regards to old Broadway
And say that I'll be there forever more.

FAR ABOVE CAYUGA'S WATERS

Far above Cayuga's waters,
With its waves of blue,
Stands our noble Alma Mater,
Glorious to view.

CHORUS Lift the chorus, speed it onward,
Loud her praises tell.
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater,
Hail, all hail to old Cornell.

Far above the busy humming,
Of the bustling town,
Reared against the arch of Heaven
Looks she proudly down.

CHORUS

ON MOONLIGHT BAY

We were sailing along, on moonlight bay
You could hear the darkies singing,
They seemed to say,
You have stolen my heart,
Now don't go away,
As they sang love's old sweet song,
On moonlight bay.

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON

Shine on, shine on, Harvest Moon
Up in the sky.
I ain't had no loving since
January, February, June or July.
Snow time ain't no time to stay
Outside and spoon,
So shine on, shine on Harvest Moon
For me and my gal.

GOOD NITE, IRENE

CHORUS: Irene, good night,
Irene, good night,
Good night, Irene, Good night, Irene
I'll see you in my dreams.

Last Saturday night I got married,
Me and my wife settled down,
Now me and my wife are parted,
Gonna take a little stroll down town.

CHORUS

Sometimes I live in the country
Sometimes I live in the town
Sometimes I take a great notion
To jump in the river and drown.

CHORUS

Stop you rambling,
Stop your gambling,
Stop staying out late at night
Go home to your wife and family
And stay by the fireside so bright.

CHORUS

FOR ME AND MY GAL

The bells are ringing
For me and my gal,
The birds are singing
For me and my gal.
Everybody's been knowin'
To a wedding they're going
And for weeks they've been sewing,
Every Susie and Sal.
They're congregating
For me and my gal
The Parson's waiting
For me and my gal
And someday, we're going to build
A little home for two, or three or four or more
In loveland, for me and my gal.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild Irish Rose
The sweetest flower that grows
You may search everywhere
But none can compare
With my wild Irish Rose.
My wild Irish Rose,
The sweetest flower that grows
And some day for my sake
She may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT

In the evening by the moonlight,
You can hear those people singing,
In the evening by the moonlight,
You can hear those banjos's ringing.
How the old folks would enjoy it,
When they sang in the evening,
By the moonlight.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON

By the light of the silvery moon,
I love to spoon.
To my honey I'll croon Love's sweet tune;
Honeymoon, Keep on shinin' in June,
Your silvery beams will bring love's dreams,
We'll be cuddlin' soon,
By the light of the Silvery Moon.

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

Keep the home fires burning,
While dear hearts are yearning,
Through the lads are far away,
They dream of home.
There's a silver lining,
Thru the dark clouds shining.
Turn the dark clouds inside out,
Till the boys come home.

WHEN YOU WERE SWEET SIXTEEN

I love you as I never loved before
Since first I saw you on the village green
Come to me, here my dream of love is O'er
I love you as I loved you
When you were sweet sixteen.

LONG LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail a-winding,
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightengale is singing,
And the white moon beams,
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true,
Till the day when I'll be going
Down that long, long trail with you.

MY GAL SAL

They called her frivolous Sal,
A peculiar sort of a gal,
With a heart that was mellow,
An all round good fellow, was my old pal;
Your sorrows, troubles, and cares,
She was always willing to share,
A wild sort of devil,
But dead on the level, was my gal Sal.

DIXIE

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Old time there are not forgotten,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixieland.
In Dixieland where I was born in
Early on a frosty mornin'
Look away, look away, look away, Dixieland.

CHORUS Oh I wish I was in Dixie, Hurrah, Hurrah,
In Dixie land I'll take my stand
To live and die in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

There's buckwheat cakes and Injun batter
Makes you fat or a little fatter,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixieland.
Ben hoe it down and scratch your grubble
To Dixieland I'm bound to travel,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixieland.

CHORUS

SING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

I looked over Jordan,
And what did I see there,
Coming for to carry me home?
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

(Continued on next page.)

(Swing Low Sweet Chariot - continued)

CHORUS Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do
Coming for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends I'm coming too,
Coming for to carry me home.

CHORUS

LILI MARLENE

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate,
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait,
She waits for the boy who marched away
And though he's gone she hears him say
Oh, promise you'll be true
Fare the well, Lili Marlene
Till I return to you
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene.

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait
For this is the place a vow was made
And breezes sing her serenade.
Ch, promise you'll be true
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene
Till I return to you,
Fare theewell, Lili Marlene.

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait
And there in the lamp light it is said
A halo shines above her head
Oh, promise you'll be true
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene
Till I return to you
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene.

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait
And as they go marching to the fray
The soldiers all salute and say
We'll tell him you've been true
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene
Till I return to you
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene.

MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

(Tune: My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean)

My Father makes rum in the bathtub
My mother makes two kinds of gin
My sister makes love for a living
My God how the money rolls in.

CHORUS:

Rolls in, rolls in, My God how the money rolls in, roos in
Rolls in, rolls in, My God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a poor missionary
He saves little girlies from sin
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars
My God, how the money rolls in.

(Repeat CHORUS)

My father died in his bathtub
My mother she died for her gin
My sister married my brother
My God, what a mess I'm in.

(Repeat CHORUS)

MINNIE THE MERMAID

Many's the night I spent with Minnie the Mermaid,
Down at the bottom of the sea,
She lost her morals, down among the corals,
Gee, but she was nice to me;
Many's the night with the pale moon shining, down in her bungalow,
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
Two twin beds and only one of the mussed,
Oh, you can easily see, she's not my mother,
For my mother's forty-nine.
Oh, you can easily see, she's not my sister,
'Cause I never show my sister such a helluva good time.
Oh, you can easily see she's not my sweetie,
'Cause my sweetie's too refined.
She's just a wonderful kid,
Who never knew what she did, for
She's just a personal friend of mine.

THE BLUE TAIL FLY

When I was young I used to wait
On master and give him his plate,
And pass the bottle when he got dry
And brush away the blue tail fly.

CHORUS Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,
Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,
Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,
My master's gone away.

And when he'd ride in the afternoon,
I'd follow after with a hickory broom
The pony being rather shy
When bitten by a blue tail fly.

• • • • CHORUS

One day he ride around the farm,
The flies so numerous they did swarm,
One chanced to bite him on the thight,
The devil take the blue tail fly.

• • • • CHORUS

The pony run, he jump, he pitch,
He threw my master in the ditch,
He died and the jury wondered why,
The verdict was the blue tail fly.

• • • • CHORUS

They buried him under a simmon tree,
His epitaph is there to see. . . .
"Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie
Victim of the blue tail fly".

• • • • CHORUS

TITANIC

Oh, they built the ship "Titanic"
And when they had it through
They thought they had a ship
That the water would not come through.
But the Good Lord raised his hand,
Said that ship would never land
It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHORUS - - - It was sad, it was sad,
It was sad when that great ship went down
Husbands and wives, little bitty children lost their lives
It was sad when that great ship went down.

They were off for Bunga-Land
And were headed for the shore,
And the rich refused to associate with the poor.
So they put them down below
And they were the first to go
It was sad when that great ship went down.

• • • • CHORUS

Oh, they put the life boats out
In the raging burning sea,
And the band struck up with "Hail My God to Thee"
Oh, the Captain tried to wire
But the wire was on fire
It was sad when that great ship went down.

• • • • CHORUS

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

I wish little girls were like little white rabbits,
and I were a buck and I'd teach them bad habits,

CHORUS Oh roll the leg over, oh roll the leg over,
Oh roll the leg over the man in the moon.

I wish all young girls were like Statues of Venus and I
were a man with a petrified penis.

* * * * .CHORUS

I wish all young girls were like Bats in a steeple and I
were a Bat ther'd be more bats than people.

* * * * .CHORUS

I wish all young girls were like mountain road passes and I
were a sports car I'd buzz up their asses.

* * * * .CHORUS

I wish all young girls were like diamonds and rubies and I
were a jeweler I'd polish their boobies.

* * * * .CHORUS

I wish all young girls were like B-29s and I were a fighter
pilot, I'd buzz their behinds.

* * * * .CHORUS

I wish all young girls were like straw berry patches and I
were a farmer I'd harvest their snatches.

* * * * .CHORUS

I wish all young girls were like fish in a pool and I were a
shark with a water proof tool.

* * * * .CHORUS

I wish all young girls were like fish in the ocean and I
were a wave I'd show them the motions.

* * * * .CHORUS

I wish all young girls were like trees in a forest and I
were a woodsman I'd split their CLITORIS,

I wish all young girls were like bricks in a pile and I were
a mason I'd lay them in style.

I wish all young girls were like mares in a stable and I were
a groom I'd mount all I was able.

THE FOGGY, FOGGY DEW

When I was a bachelor, I lived all alone,
I worked at the weaver's trade;
And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong,
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the wintertime,
Part of the summer, too,
And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong,
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she knelt close by my side,
When I was fast asleep,
She threw her arms around my neck
And then began to weep.
She wept, she cried, she damned near died,
Ah, me, what could I do
So all night long I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Again I'm a bachelor, I live with my son,
We work at the weaver's trade;
And every single time I look into his eyes,
He reminds me of that fair young maid,
He reminds me of the wintertime,
Part of the summer too,
And of the many, many times that I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

THE PERSIAN KITTY

The Persian Kitty, perfumed and fair
Went out to the kitchen just to get some air
When a Tom Cat, lithe, lean and long,
Dirty and yellow, came along.
Now he sniffed that perfumed Persian Cat
As she walked around with much eclat.
Thinking of a bit of time to pass
He whispered, "Baby, you sho got class."

And fitting and proper was her reply
As she arched a whisker right over her eye.
"Daily, I'm fed on certified milk
And nightly I sleep on pillows of silk.
I should be happy with what I've got.
I should be happy, but happy I'm not.
I should be happy, I should indeed
Just cause I'm highly pedigreed."

"Cheer up," said the Tom Cat with a smile
"And trust your new found friend for a while.
You need not escape from your backyard fence
Baby, all you need is experience."
Now the joys of life he did unfurl
As he told her the tales of the outside world
Suggesting at last with a lurid laugh
A trip for the two down the primrose path.

Now the morning after the night before
The Kitty came home about the hour of four.
The innocent look from her eyes had went and
The smile on her face was a smile of content.
In later years the neighbors came
Just to see the Persian kittens of pedigreed fame.
They weren't Persian, they were black and tan
And she told them that their daddy was a traveling man
A traveling man, a ratching, scratching traveling man.

THAT OLD GANG OF MINE

Not a soul down on the corner
That's a pretty certain sign,
Those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine.

There goes Jack, there goes Jim,
Down thru lover's lane.
Now and then we meet again,
But they don't seem the same.

Gee, I got a lonesome feeling,
When I hear those church bells chime;
'Cause those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine.

YOU TELL ME YOUR DREAM

You had a dream, dear,
I had one too,
Mine was the best dream
Because it was of you;
Come sweetheart, tell me
Now is the time,
You tell me your dream
And I'll tell you mine.

WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP

When you wore a tulip,
A big yellow tulip,
And I wore a big red rose,
When you caressed me,
'Twas then heaven blessed me,
What a blessing no one knows,
You made life chery,
When you called me deary,
Way down where the blue grass grows.
Your lips were sweeter than tulips
When you wore a tulip
And I wore a big red rose.

BALLAD OF THE 497th

To the Tune of "Whifferpoof"

There's a squadron, name the "Night Owls"
There's a place where the pilots dwell
In that dear old Jungle land we know so well
Where the Phantoms are a-standing
With their tailplanes raised on high
And the chorus of their engines casts a spell

Yes, the echo of those engine, is the sound we love so well
When they hit a blue-note at 590 per
And even if we lose one, we can still get home O.K.
'Cos we practice forceds in case one comes our way.

CHORUS We are "Night Owls" pilots, who have lost our way
Call "Invert", "Lion" and all
We are the "Night Owl" pilots, who have gone astray
Call "Invert", "Lion" and all
Gentleman pilots, such a sad life
Doomed to the standboards awful strife
Then home to the cries of a nagging wife
SPIN! CRASH! BURN!

"BALLAD OF THE NIGHT FIGHTERS"

---Lt Barry Bridger

Night Fighters we will Fly.
The moon is high in the sky.
Our Destiny lies in Dang'r filled skies.
Practice for the final week.

Load up the first and all,
And We'll head out O'er the SEA.
Man, we shall strive through the cold moonlight!
Home again we shall be.

Gear's up; we're on our way.
Lead's on his call to heaven.
Down to the deck with our mach up we go;
Danger lies jus ahead.

Lead's up 1 he's on his run.
There goes a .57 Gun.
There's two more! He's tracked now by three!
Break lead and leave 'em for me!

"2"!s Poppin' up for the shoot;
Fan sones on the air.
What's that there with fire on his tail?
Death's chasin' "2" through the sky.

"2"!s holdin hands to the deck.
SAMS changin' course for the kill.
"2"!s up with 10 M as sams aver'd in.
"2"!s won the race for his life!

Night Fighters we have to go,
For there comes the mornin' sun.
We done well in these night skies of heaven.
Night Fighters of the sky.
Night Fighters of the sky.



"BALIAD OF THE NIGHT FIGHTERS"

---Lt Barry Bridger

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